

Production No. 7F11

The Simpsons

"ONE FISH, TWO FISH, BLOWFISH, BLUE FISH"

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TABLE DRAFT
Date 6/19/90

NOTE: FOR CAST READ ONLY

"ONE FISH, TWO FISH, BLOWFISH, BLUE FISH"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
BURNS.....HARRY SHEARER
SMITHERS.....HARRY SHEARER
NED FLANDERS.....HARRY SHEARER
DR. HIBBERT.....DAN CASTELLANETA
EDDIE.....HARRY SHEARER
REVEREND LOVEJOY.....HARRY SHEARER
LOU.....HANK AZARIA
MOE.....HANK AZARIA
POLICE CHIEF WIGGUM.....HANK AZARIA
BARNEY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
GRAMPA.....DAN CASTELLANETA
HOSTESS.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
AKIRA.....HANK AZARIA
TOSHIRO.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MASTER.....HARRY SHEARER
RICHIE SAKAI.....DAN CASTELLANETA
SALESMAN.....HARRY SHEARER

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CELLMATE.....HARRY SHEARER

CRAZY CALLS.....HARRY SHEARER

ONE FISH, TWO FISH, BLOWFISH, BLUE FISH

by

Nell Scovell

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON KITCHEN - DINNERTIME

MARGE is HUMMING as she tosses a salad. Homer is peering into the microwave.

HOMER

Is it done yet? Is it done yet?

MARGE

Your meatloaf will be ready in eight seconds, Homer.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT) Isn't there anything faster than a microwave?

The microwave PINGS. Homer wipes his mouth.

HOMER

Sorry. Every time I hear that bell I salivate.

MARGE

(CALLS OUT) Get it while it's hot, kids!

BART and MAGGIE rush in and sit. LISA enters, dejected, and sits. Bart holds his plate out.

BART

I'm starvin', Marvin. Lay the loaf on
me.

Homer slices a piece and serves him. He turns to Lisa.

HOMER

(TEMPTINGLY) I've got a dried out end-
piece with your name on it, Lisa.

LISA

No, thanks. I'll just have the usual.

MARGE

(MURMURS)

Marge places a sandwich in front of Lisa.

MARGE

One tuna fish salad on whole wheat
toast, no crusts, and a whisper-thin
slice of tomato. You're so picky,
Lisa.

LISA

I prefer "specific."

Homer finishes serving.

HOMER

Aren't you sick of those sandwiches?

LISA

You eat the same seven meals every
week. Aren't you sick of them?

HOMER

Not a chance. Because every time I eat
meatloaf, I discover something new --
some garlic, a white piece of
something... a delicious little mystery
chunk.

Bart hands Homer the catsup. Homer starts squeezing catsup
from a squeezable bottle into his meatloaf. The bottle
makes a **VULGAR NOISE**. Bart **LAUGHS**.

HOMER

Shut up, boy.

MARGE

Maybe Lisa's right. We could update
our menu.

HOMER

Well, maybe it is time for a change.
Let's go to the board.

Homer and Bart cross to a magnetized chart where 3x5 index
cards show the entree for every night of the week. The
chart is labelled, "Grub At A Glance. Sunday - Meatloaf,
Monday - Pork Chops, Tuesday - Spaghetti, Wednesday - Frank
and Beans, Thursday - Pot Roast, Friday - Macaroni and
Cheese and Saturday - Leftovers."

HOMER

I don't know about you, boy, but I'm
getting kinda bored with Pot Roast.

BART

Why don't we move meatloaf to Thursday?

HOMER

Move meatloaf? To Thursday night? But
I look forward to it all weekend. Are
you out of your cotton pickin' mind?!

MARGE

Why don't we try something completely
different?

BART

(SUSPICIOUSLY) I don't like the sound
of that.

HOMER

Like what?

MARGE

Like Japanese food. There's a sushi
restaurant that just opened on Elm
Street.

BART

Sushi?

LISA

Raw fish.

HOMER

Sorry, Marge. If it doesn't have fur,
I don't eat it.

MARGE

Please, Homer.

LISA

Yeah, Dad. Can't we try it?

MARGE

The restaurant reviewer in the
Springfield Shopper raves about it.

Marge picks up a copy of the Springfield Shopper.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(READING) "Confucius say: run, don't
walk, to The Happy Sumo! A chopstick-
to-your-ribs feast from the East!
Sushi, the best Japanese import since
Godzilla!"

LISA

Please, Dad. Can't we try it tomorrow
night?

HOMER

Pork chop night?!

MARGE

We'll have pork chops Tuesday night.

HOMER

Oh, and then what happens to spaghetti?
I'm telling you. Some things should
never be tampered with. We're gonna be
a day off for the rest of our lives.

EXT. THE HAPPY SUMO

Homer, Marge and the kids are outside a typical wooden
Japanese restaurant with a flashing neon sign featuring two
jolly sumo wrestlers. They butt stomachs, then turn and
wiggle their hips and smile. Homer notes the sign and
CHUCKLES.

INT. THE HAPPY SUMO

Homer, Marge and the kids enter the restaurant.

SUSHI BAR CHEFS

(SHOUTING) Irashiya!

The Simpsons **SHRIEK**. A **HOSTESS** dressed in geisha garb approaches them.

HOSTESS

Please, do not be alarmed. Our chefs
are just saying hello.

HOMER

Oh, okay. (SCREAMING) HELLO.

The **CHEFS SHRIEK**.

INT. THE HAPPY SUMO CORRIDOR

The hostess leads them down a hall with fish tanks. They pass a lounge with a stage area and microphone. The hostess gestures to it.

HOSTESS

This is our karioke bar. Now it is
empty, but soon it will be hopping with
drunken Japanese businessmen.

EXT. TATAMI ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The hostess pushes aside the screen to reveal a tatami room -- bare except for a low table over a pit.

HOSTESS (CONT'D)

Please remove your shoes.

They take off their shoes. (Maggie takes off her booties.) Homer has one plaid sock, one brown. He wiggles his toes.

HOMER

Phew -- no holes.

INT. TATAMI ROOM - A BIT LATER

The family is seated at the table, reading the oversized menus which feature photos of fish in their habitat and then on the plate.

MARGE'S POV

Looking at the menu, we see an extremely slimy black eel and a spiny orange sea urchin.

BART

Cool!

HOMER

Oh, my God!

MARGE

Homer.

HOMER

Sorry. Geez, they sure like their fish.

The screen opens and a WAITER enters and bows.

AKIRA

I'm Akira, your waiter. May I take your order?

MARGE

This sushi sampler looks good. It has a little of everything.

He makes a note and turns to Bart.

BART

I'd like two sharks, an octopus and an eel.

AKIRA

Very good.

BART

Do you have any giant squid? The kind
that drags men to their deaths?

AKIRA

Not today.

BART

Just checking.

Akira notes it on a small pad, then moves around the table.

LISA

What would you recommend for an eight-
year-old who's a finicky eater?

AKIRA

A tuna fish sandwich.

LISA

Can you put that on whole wheat bread,
no crust, with a whisper-thin slice of
tomato?

AKIRA

Ah, the tuna fish salad special. Sir?

HOMER

It all looks so terrible. Just bring
me (POINTING AT MENU) one of these, and
one of these, and one of those...
actually, I'm really hungry. Make that
two of everything. Oh, and bring me a
Duff to wash it down.

AKIRA

Sir, we only serve Duffahama.

HOMER

Fine, fine. Whatever.

Akira leaves.

HOMER

(GRUMBLING) I bust my butt all week
and what do I get... could have been
home eating macaroni and cheese and
drinking American beer...

INT. THE HAPPY SUMO - KITCHEN

The MASTER SUSHI CHEF and his APPRENTICE ASSISTANT TOSHIRO are at work. The Master throws a fish in the air and slices with a knife in extremely rapid motion. The fish lands in perfect sushi formation. Toshiro makes some Tiger's Eye and carves a carrot into a goldfish as a garnish. When he's done, the Master shakes his head.

TOSHIRO

What do you think, Master?

MASTER

No, no, no. Akira, you are making the
mistakes of a seventh-year student.
The squid looks like it's been hacked
by a blind woodsman.

The Master picks up the Tiger's Eye and a two pieces of rice fall on a plate. He picks them up.

MASTER (CONT'D)

Look upon these grains of rice with
shame.

Toshiro bows his head.

INT. THE HAPPY SUMO - TATAMI ROOM

Akira returns to the table carrying the food and drinks.
An oversize Duffahama bottle dwarfs the American version.

HOMER

(RE: DUFF) Look at the size of that

bottle! No wonder Japan is Number One.

Akira serves the food. Homer stares at his strange-looking pieces of yellowtail. The family looks back and forth between their plates, each other and Homer. All eyes are on him.

HOMER

Good thing I'm open-minded. (PINCHES

HIS NOSE)

Homer puts a piece in his mouth. He chews and lets go of his nose. He smiles.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Interesting.

The family pauses and watches Homer as he drops another piece of sushi in his mouth.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Better yet! Another one!

Homer puts another piece of sushi in his mouth.

HOMER (CONT'D)

This fish is de-lish!

He starts shovelling food in his mouth. The family follows his lead.

INT. THE HAPPY SUMO - KARIOKI BAR - SIMULTANEOUS

The place is starting to BUZZ. A few patrons are scattered about. A MAN steps up to the microphone.

RICHIE SAKAI

Hi. My name's Richie Sakai. I'm an
anesthesiologist. And I'd like to
dedicate this next song to my wife,
Patti. (SINGS) "I was born in the
wagon of a travelling show / My mama
used to dance for the money they'd
throw..."

INT. THE HAPPY SUMO - TATAMI ROOM - LATER

Akira is standing by as Homer looks at the menu. The table
is filled with empty plates, centered around Homer. Bart,
Lisa and Maggie have left the table.

HOMER

... two hiramis, two uni, and I don't
believe I've tried the flying fish
roe...

AKIRA

I recommend it with a raw quail egg on
top.

HOMER

You're the doctor!

Homer snaps the menu closed. Akira exits.

INT. THE HAPPY SUMO - TATAMI ROOM

Akira is standing by as Homer looks at the menu. There are
more empty plates. Marge looks annoyed. Homer loosens his
belt a notch so that his stomach protrudes a little more.

HOMER

Still got one more notch left. (To
AKIRA) I know you're holding out on me.
There's gotta be something I haven't
tried. Hey! What's this? Fugu!

Homer points to the photo of fugu, a mean-looking blowfish
stamped, "Most Challenging." Akira GASPS.

AKIRA

It's blowfish, sir. But it is for our
most discriminating customers.

HOMER

Come on, pal! Fugu me!

INT. THE HAPPY SUMO - KARIOKE BAR

The room is packed. Bart, Lisa are on stage, singing.

LISA

Mock --

BART

Yeah.

LISA

Ing --

BART

Yeah.

LISA

Bird --

BART

Yeah.

LISA

Yeah.

BART

Yeah.

BART/LISA

(SINGS) "Mockingbird. Now
everybody..."

The place starts rocking.

INT. THE HAPPY SUMO - KITCHEN

The Master is at work. A car HONKS. He looks up, removes his apron and turns to Toshiro.

MASTER

Oh, she's here. Cover for me.

The Master races out. Akira enters.

AKIRA

Fugu! He wants fugu!

The BUSBOYS and WAITERS GASP.

TOSHIRO

Not fugu! If it is cut improperly
it's... it's...

AKIRA

(DISMISSING) Yes, yes, it's poisonous,
potentially fatal, but if sliced
properly, it can be a flavorless,
overpriced side dish.

TOSHIRO

I must get the Master.

EXT. THE HAPPY SUMO - BACK ALLEY

The Master sushi chef is making out with MRS. KRABAPPEL in the back seat of her car.

MASTER

Oh, Miss Krabappel, your hair smells so clean.

Toshiro enters from the kitchen.

TOSHIRO

Master, you are needed in the kitchen.

MASTER

I said cover for me, damn it!

TOSHIRO

But Master, we need your skilled hands.

MASTER

My skilled hands are busy now. You do it!

Toshiro runs back into the restaurant. The Master goes back to making out.

INT. THE HAPPY SUMO - KARIOKE BAR

Maggie is on stage now, SUCKING her pacifier to the tune of "Popcorn."

INT. THE HAPPY SUMO - KITCHEN

Toshiro is at the counter, looking back and forth between a blowfish and a sushi manual. A diagram shows cross sections of the fish. All have skulls (with Japanese eyes) and crossbones on them except one tiny sliver. Toshiro nervously tries to cut the fugu.

TOSHIRO

(TO HIMSELF) Carefully, carefully...

Homer pops his head through the beaded curtain which separates the kitchen from the dining room.

HOMER

Hey, where's my fugu?

Startled, Toshiro makes a jagged cut in the fish.

INT. THE HAPPY SUMO - TATAMI ROOM

Homer pops the fish into his mouth as Akira and Toshiro nervously look on.

HOMER

Mmmm. Rubbery, but not too rubbery.

Akira and Toshiro look relieved.

INT. THE HAPPY SUMO - KITCHEN

WHISTLING, the Master grabs a sake bottle with one hand and two sake glasses with the other. As he passes the counter, he stops short. He sees the carved fish. He GASPS. The sake glasses and bottle CRASH to the ground.

INT. THE HAPPY SUMO - TATAMI ROOM

Homer pats his stomach.

HOMER

A perfect light meal.

GRUNTING, Homer pries himself out from under the table. Marge pushes the shoji aside just as the Master comes rushing into the room.

MASTER

For God's sake, don't eat another bite!

HOMER

I couldn't possibly.

MASTER

Mr. Simpson-san. I shall be blunt. We have reason to believe that you have eaten poison.

HOMER/MARGE

Poisoned?!

INT. THE HAPPY SUMO - FRONT OF RESTAURANT

Homer, Marge, the Master, and Akira stand at the cash register. Toshiro steps forward holding a small sake glass.

TOSHIRO

Here is a collection of our tears.

Drink it so that you may know our
sorrows.

He hands the glass to Homer who goes to drink.

HOMER

Okay. Skoal.

MARGE

There's no time, Homer. We have to get
you to a hospital.

Bart, Lisa and Maggie emerge from the Karaoke Bar. They run up to Homer and Marge.

LISA

(EXCITED) Mom, I sang "Hey, Big
Spender" and made thirty bucks.

They bustle the kids out.

EXT. HOSPITAL - ESTABLISHING

INT. HOSPITAL - EXAMINING ROOM

Homer is sitting shirtless on an examining table.

HOMER

(TO HIMSELF, MIMICKING) "Try something
new, Homer. What'll it hurt you,
Homer?" (THEN) I never heard of a
poison pork chop.

Marge and DR. HIBBERT enter.

DR. HIBBERT

Your wife agreed that I should break
this to you.

HOMER

No need, Doc. I can read Marge like a
book.

Homer examines her face. It bears a look of abject horror.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(BRIGHTLY) It's good news, isn't it?

DR. HIBBERT

No, Mr. Simpson, if in fact, you've
consumed the venom of the blowfish --
and from what the chef told me, it's
quite probable, you have twenty-four
hours to live.

HOMER

(UPSET) Twenty-four hours?

DR. HIBBERT

Well, twenty-two. I'm sorry I kept you
waiting so long.

HOMER

Isn't there something you can do?

DR. HIBBERT

Well, the question is whether you
actually consumed any of the deadly
toxin. We could run a test that would
tell us for sure.

HOMER

Run it, run it!

DR. HIBBERT

Well, I'm afraid the results take
forty-eight hours. Rather ironic,
isn't it? And, since there's no cure
anyway, I hardly see the point.

HOMER

(BREAKING DOWN) Oh, Marge. I'm gonna
die. I'm gonna die.

Homer and Marge hug, SOBBING.

DR. HIBBERT

Now, a little death anxiety is normal.
Expect to go through five stages.

HOMER

Five stages? No way! Because I'm not
dying.

DR. HIBBERT

The first is denial.

HOMER

(GROWING ANGRY) Why you little --

DR. HIBBERT

The second is anger. And after that
comes fear.

HOMER

(FEARFULLY) What's after fear? What's
after fear?

DR. HIBBERT

Bargaining.

HOMER

Doc, you gotta get me out of this.

I'll make it worth your while.

DR. HIBBERT

And finally, acceptance.

HOMER

Well, we all gotta go some time.

DR. HIBBERT

Your progress astounds me. I must
write you case study. (NUDGING HIM)

It could be my ticket into the New
England Journal of Medicine.

HOMER

Is that all, Doc?

DR. HIBBERT

Well, if you mean, do you have anything
that will kill you in less than twenty-
four hours, the answer's no. I should
leave you two alone, but perhaps this
pamphlet will be helpful.

Dr. Hibbert takes a pamphlet out of a rack full of
pamphlets on the wall and hands it to Homer. The Doctor
exits.

HOMER

(READING) "So you're going to die... "

Homer starts to SOB.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. EXAMINING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Homer is putting on his shirt. Marge is SOBBING.

HOMER

Hello, Marge? Hello? I'm the one
who's dying, not you.

MARGE

Oh, Homer. Without you, where will I
go? What will I do?

HOMER

Oh, come on Marge, you'll muddle
through. Hey, how 'bout flashing me
that sunny smile I love so much?

Marge valiantly forces a puppy-eyed grin. Her cheeks are
red and her hair is disheveled.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(APPRECIATIVELY) Now that's how I want
to remember my wife.

MARGE

Oh, Homer.

They hug.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Wait, Homer. What will we tell the
kids?

HOMER

Nothing. Don't tell them a thing.
It'll just upset them.

MARGE

Homer, I don't know.

HOMER

No Marge, I know it will upset them. I mean even when the cat got run over they went ape. Trust me. I want my last hours of family life to be happy ones.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM

As Marge and Homer approach, Bart is wrapped up in bandages, walking toward Lisa. Maggie is dumping sharp medical instruments on the ground.

BART

Lisa, beware of The Mummy.

LISA

(RE: BANDAGES) Bart, that was sterile.

HOMER

Bart! Lisa! Maggie!

BART

Hey dad, how you feelin'?

HOMER

Oh fine, fine. Just a routine check-up.

INT. BEDROOM

Homer is sitting in bed writing.

MARGE

Homer, have you decided what you want to do tomorrow?

HOMER

Well Marge, I love my life so much, I
wish tomorrow could be just like a
normal day. On the other hand, I have
so many loose ends to tie up...

CLOSE ON LIST

The stationary reads, "Dumb Things I Gotta Do." The camera
PANS the list as Marge ad-libs, "UH-HUH'S." Homer is
sitting next to her. The list reads: "Make List," (Which
is crossed out), "Eat a hearty breakfast," "Make videotape
for Maggie," "Have Man-to-Man with Bart," "Listen to Lisa
play her sax" and "Go hang-gliding." Marge stops.

MARGE

Oh Homer, that's too dangerous.

HOMER

(ERASES IT) Maybe at the end of the
day.

The list continues: "See insurance agent," "Seek solace
from Reverend Lovejoy," "Make peace with Dad," "Beer with
the boys at the bar," "Tell off boss," "Dinner with the
family," and, "Be as close as two people can be with
Marge."

HOMER

What do you think?

MARGE

I think it's beautiful.

HOMER

Me too.

MARGE

Can I just make one suggestion? Can we
get up early and watch the sunrise
together?

HOMER

(WRITING ON LIST) Ah, watch the
sunrise.

He kisses her.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Til six a.m., my dearest darling.

He turns out the lights.

INT. BEDROOM - 6:00.

The alarm BUZZES. Homer throws an arm up and turns it off
without waking up.

INT. BEDROOM - 11:30.

Homer stirs. He sits up, SMACKING his lips. He glances at
the clock.

HOMER (CONT'D)

11:30! Oh, that's just great.

INT. KITCHEN

Homer is shoveling down a big breakfast.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(MOUTH FULL) Marge, why'd you let me
sleep so late?

MARGE

You looked so peaceful lying there.

HOMER

(MOUTH FULL) They'll be plenty of time
for that.

Homer finishes his breakfast and runs out.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(CALLING) Bart! Bart!

INT. BART'S ROOM

Homer enters, sits and pats his lap.

HOMER

Come here, boy.

He slaps his knee.

BART

Oh, man.

Bart drops his pants and lays across Homer's knee.

HOMER

No, no, no. I just wanted to have a
heart-to-heart talk.

Bart pulls his pants back up.

HOMER (CONT'D)

You know, after me, you're the man
around the house and that means you
have to help out with --

BART

(RAPID FIRE PROTEST) Oh come on, I do
plenty around here! Lisa's the one
that doesn't do anything! Why don't
you go yell at her?

HOMER

I'm not yelling at anybody. I just
meant that your mother may need help
with certain things around here.

BART

Why can't Lisa help? She never lifts a finger. I'm the one who --

HOMER

Shut up! Bart, this is good stuff. I'm about to share something with you-- three little sentences that will get you through life: "I'm sorry," "Cover for me," and "It was like that when I got here."

BART

Hey, this is good stuff. I should be writing this down.

HOMER

No time. You have to learn how to shave.

Homer yanks Bart out of frame.

INT. BATHROOM

Both Bart and Homer are lathered up. Homer is shaving. His face contorts as he demonstrates technique to Bart.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Remember -- (DEMONSTRATES) first cheeks, then neck, then chin --

BART

Dad, can't this wait til I'm eleven?

HOMER

No. You know Son, I've learned a few lessons in life. Big success isn't all it's cracked up to be. At least I hope not.

BART

Gotcha.

HOMER

A man should find a good woman, but think twice about having kids.

BART

Check.

HOMER

Oh and one other thing, don't eat blowfish.

BART

Huh?

Bart turns and knocks a bottle of aftershave into the sink, it shatters.

HOMER

Bart!

BART

It was like that when I got here.

HOMER

(TOUCHED) That's my boy.

They hug.

CLOSE ON LIST

Homer crosses off "Man to man..." Next is "Listen to Lisa play her sax." Homer GRUNTS.

INT. LISA'S ROOM

Homer enters.

LISA

Hi Dad. Want me to cut out this
infernal racket?

HOMER

No. Let me hear you play.

LISA

(CONFUSED) Why?

HOMER

(GETTING ANGRY) Does a father have to
explain?

Scared, Lisa quickly begins a soulful dirge. Homer is moved and about to cry when she kicks into a jazzy version of "When the Saints Go Marching In." Homer perks up.

HOMER (CONT'D)

That's more like it! (JOINS IN) "Oh
how I want to be in that rumba, when
the saints go over there."

LATER

Homer is sitting next to Lisa on the bed.

HOMER (CONT'D)

You're a smart girl, Lisa. I bet when
you grow up you could be a travel agent
or stenographer.

LISA

I want to be a scholar.

HOMER

Then maybe you should think about
college.

EXT. FLANDERS HOUSE

Homer checks his list. Next is "Make a videotape for
Maggie." He RINGS THE BELL. The door opens.

FLANDERS

Simpson, what a pleasant surprise. We
were just pulling taffy.

HOMER

Gee, the fun never stops at the
Flanders house, does it?

FLANDERS

No-sirree-Bob!

INT. FRONT HALL

HOMER

Hey Flanders, could I borrow your
camcorder?

Homer peers into the living room where the family is indeed
pulling taffy. They wave to him.

FLANDERS

Okey-dokey. Just recharged the battery
this morning.

Flanders opens the hall closet. It is impeccably neat. He
takes the camera out and hands it to Homer, who goes to
exit.

FLANDERS (CONT'D)

Say, why don't you and your family come
over for a barbecue tomorrow?

HOMER

No thanks.

FLANDERS

Are you sure? Just put in a new pit
this morning.

HOMER

(ANNOYED) Flanders, I said I didn't --
(REALIZING) sure, what the hey. I'd
love to come to your barbecue. I'll
even bring the thickest, juiciest
t-bones you've ever seen.

FLANDERS

Sounds terriff -- it's a date.

EXT. FLANDERS DOOR

HOMER

Heh-heh. That stupid idiot doesn't
know I'll be dead by then.

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - THROUGH CAMCORDER

Homer enters frame.

HOMER (CONT'D)

This is a videotape for my daughter
Maggie. Hi Maggie. I am speaking to
you from beyond the grave. (LIKE A
GHOST) Ooooooooooh. (THEN) Hope that
didn't scare you. Well, you're a
grown-up woman now and you're probably
talking and everything and going out
with boys --

The PHONE RINGS. Homer, annoyed, GRUNTS and crosses to
pick up the phone. At this point his butt is taking up
most of the screen.

HOMER (O.S.)

(INTO PHONE) Hello?

INT. THE HAPPY SUMO RESTAURANT

Toshiro is on the phone, smiling. Akira is next to him.

TOSHIRO

Mr. Simpson? This is Toshiro, from
The Happy Sumo. I have good news for
you. We've made a mistake.

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM

Still in the CAMERA'S POV, Homer is adjusting his
underwear.

HOMER

(HOPEFULLY) A mistake?

TOSHIRO

Considering the probability that we may have killed you, we should never have charged you for dinner. We're tearing up your check for twenty-seven dollars.

HOMER

(DISAPPOINTED) Gee, thanks.

EXT. MUTUAL OF SPRINGFIELD INSURANCE COMPANY

Homer stops in front to look at his list. He crosses "Make videotape" off. Next is "See insurance agent."

INT. INSURANCE COMPANY

Homer is talking to a salesman.

SALESMAN

Well, according to our records, your life insurance policy lapsed today.

HOMER

(SHRIEKS)

SALESMAN

No, I'm sorry, it lapses tomorrow.

HOMER

Heh, heh, heh.

SALESMAN

All fifteen thousand dollars worth. Do you want to extend it another year?

HOMER

No, but I'd like to increase the coverage to a million dollars. Look, I know it may seem a little --

SALESMAN

No, no, Mr. Simpson. You don't have to
lecture me on the value of peace of
mind.

EXT. CHURCH

Homer crosses "See insurance agent" off his list. Next is
"Seek solace from Reverend Lovejoy."

EXT. CHURCH GARDENS

Homer and the Reverend are walking the gardens. The
Reverend throws up his hands.

REV. LOVEJOY

What can I say, Brother Simpson?

HOMER

I don't know.

REV. LOVEJOY

The Lord works in mysterious ways.

HOMER

Whoo! Thank you. That really helps.

That's a load off my mind.

They turn a corner.

REV. LOVEJOY

This is probably a little small of me,
Homer, but I bet right now you're
wishing you'd been a better Christian.

HOMER

Ain't that the truth.

INT. HOMER'S CAR

Homer is driving down the highway. He scribbles out "Seek
solace..." Next on the list is "Make peace with Dad."

EXT. OLD FOLKS HOME

Homer's car pulls into the lot.

INT. OLD FOLKS REC. ROOM

Grandpa is watching a boxing match on TV. The nurse shows Homer in. Homer gets a little choked up.

HOMER

Papa --

Homer runs to him. Grandpa's eyes are glued to the screen.

GRANDPA

What do you want?

HOMER

Dad, we've never been too close, have we?

GRANDPA

Not to my knowledge.

HOMER

We never went fishing, or played catch, or even hugged each other.

GRANDPA

We never danced the Hoochy-Koochy either. What's your point?

HOMER

(CHOKED UP) I just want you to know that I love you.

Grandpa's eyes get misty.

GRANDPA

You do? Oh son, I love you too. Hey, how about that hug?

They hug.

HOMER

Dad!

GRANDPA

Sonny boy!

HOMER

Papa!

GRANDPA

Junior!

HOMER

My old man. Well, I gotta go.

GRANDPA

Oh son, no. Come on, let's go...

fishin'. We've got a lot of catchin'

up to do. What do you say?

CLOSE ON LIST

Homer crosses off "Make peace with Dad."

HOMER

Well gee, I'd love to, Dad, but --

HOMER'S POV

Grandpa is looking at him sweetly, imploringly and pathetically.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Let's get some worms.

MONTAGE

A. Homer and Grandpa are fishing on a boat on a pond. Grandpa reels in a boot. He laughs. Homer checks his watch then takes out his list and crosses off "Beer with the boys." He shrugs.

B. Homer and Grandpa are playing catch. Grandpa winds up, then throws the ball three feet. He laughs. Homer sighs and crosses off "Buy suit for funeral."

C. Homer and Grandpa are wrestling in the mud and laughing.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Homer is walking to his car. Grandpa follows, pleading.

GRANDPA

Just a quick game of hacky-sack.

Grandpa kicks up his heels a la hacky-sack. Homer gets into his car. He doesn't say a word.

HOMER POV

Homer starts the car.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

(CALLING) I love you, son!

Grandpa hugs the windshield as Homer starts to drive away.

HOMER

(GRUMBLING) Yeah, yeah. I love you

too. Sheesh.

INT. CAR

Homer is on the highway. We see the accelerator is to the floor. We PAN UP to see the speedometer at 50.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Get moving, you hunk of junk.

Just then, the car SHIFTS GEARS. The speedometer leaps to 75. Homer is thrown back by the surge. A POLICE SIREN. A motorcycle cop appears. Homer SMACKS HIS FOREHEAD.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY

Homer's car is pulled over. Eddie and Lou approach. Homer puts on a fake smile.

HOMER

I'm sorry, Officer. I know I was going too fast. Just give me a ticket.

EDDIE

I beg your pardon?

HOMER

Just give me a ticket.

LOU

That sounded like an order.

HOMER

Look, I pay my taxes and they pay your salary, so when I say "give me a ticket," just give me a ticket.

EDDIE

(TAUNTING) Maybe we don't want to give you a ticket.

HOMER

That's okay, too.

LOU

(LEANS IN; NASTY) Maybe we want to haul you in.

INT. JAIL CELLBLOCK

A guard throws Homer into the cell. The door slams. Homer falls to his knees. The officers watch with sadistic glee.

EDDIE

Hey, look what else your tax dollars pay for.

Eddie and Lou LAUGH.

A grief-stricken, WHIMPERING Homer pulls his list out of his pocket. With a small pencil, he draws a sad, wavering line through "Dinner with family."

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. JAIL - CELL

A depressed Homer sits on a bench as his cellmate finishes playing a **BLUESY NUMBER** on the harmonica.

HOMER

That's sort of nice. What are you in
for?

CELLMATE

Atmosphere.

Homer nods. EDDIE opens the door.

EDDIE

(TO HOMER) All right, Flash. You get
one phone call.

INT. JAIL - CONFERENCE ROOM

Homer is standing by a phone, shaking his head.

HOMER

(TO HIMSELF) I can't call Marge.
She's probably beside herself already.
I know! I'll call Barney. He's a man
of action.

INT. BARNEY'S APARTMENT

What a dump. The phone **RINGS**. After the second **RING**, his machine picks up.

CRAZY CALLS

(TO THE TUNE OF BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH)

Nobody's home... nobody's home...

nobody's home nobody's home nobody's home...

INT. JAIL - CONFERENCE ROOM

HOMER

Damn those crazy calls! I wish I'd
never gotten them for him.

INT. BARNEY'S APARTMENT

The message is still going. We now see BARNEY. He is
sitting and clipping his toenails. The machine BEEPS.

HOMER (V.O.)

(INTO PHONE, ANNOYED) Thanks a lot,
Barney. I just wanted my one phone
call on your stupid ma--

Barney picks up the phone.

BARNEY

(INTO PHONE) Hi, Homer.

The action cuts back and forth during the conversation.

HOMER

(INTO PHONE) You're screening calls?

BARNEY

(INTO PHONE) Yeah. There are a lot of
low-lives out there. (BURPS) What's
up?

HOMER

(INTO PHONE) You gotta help me, Barney.
I'm in jail.

BARNEY

(INTO PHONE) You are? Hey, Homer? Go
to the window.

EXT. VIEW OUT BARNEY'S WINDOW

Barney walks over to the window with the phone and waves.
Out the window we see the jail. Homer is in the window.

BARNEY

(INTO PHONE) Hiya, neighbor. I can
see you.

Homer grimaces and half-heartedly waves.

HOMER (V.O.)

(INTO PHONE) Just get over here and
bring fifty bucks for bail.

BARNEY

(INTO PHONE) Fifty bucks! What did
you do -- kill a guy?

Barney checks his wallet. It's empty. He spies a green
bill on the floor and reaches for it. It's a ten. He
starts to look through the couch cushions.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN

Lisa, Bart and Maggie are at the dinner table. Marge
carries a pot from the stove to the table.

MARGE

(SAD) Kids, you go ahead and eat your
leftovers.

Bart holds up his plate. She serves him.

BART

Yay.

Marge holds out her hand for Lisa's plate.

MARGE

Lisa?

LISA

No, thanks. I'll just have the usual.

Lisa starts to get up. Marge breaks down.

MARGE

(SOBBING) Oh, Lisa --

Lisa quickly sits down and holds her plate out.

LISA

All right. All right. Pile it on.

INT. JAIL - FRONT DESK

A smug Barney and an anxious Homer wait as an POLICE CHIEF WIGGAM counts the bail money out of a greasy, paper bag.

POLICE CHIEF WIGGAM

Forty-eight dollars and fifty-cents...

sixty-seven cents... and fifty dollars.

Simpson, you just bought your freedom.

(HANDS HIM SUMMONS) Until your court
appearance.

INT. BARNEY'S CAR - SUNSET

Homer is leaning out the window trying to soak in the last rays of sun.

BARNEY

Hey, you wanna stop by Moe's Tavern for
a beer?

HOMER

I can't. I'm dying.

BARNEY

(SHOCKED) And you weren't gonna stop
by the bar for a beer?

HOMER

Look, Barney. It was on my list, along
with a lot of other things I didn't get
to do today. Hey, that's my boss!

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

MR. BURNS and SMITHERS are sitting on a park bench. Burns
is looking through a pair of binoculars.

BURNS

Ooh! Smithers, check out the fine
hourglass figure on the red-head.

He hands the binoculars to Smithers.

SMITHERS

Ring-a-ding-ding, sir.

Barney and Homer drive by. Homer spots Burns.

HOMER

Hey, Burns! Eat my shorts!

BACK TO BURNS AND SMITHERS

BURNS

Who in Sam Hill was that?

Smithers PANS with binoculars.

SMITHERS

Why, it's Homer Simpson, sir. One of
the schmos from Section 7G.

BURNS

I want him in my office at nine o'clock
Monday morning. We'll see who eats
whose shorts!

INT. BARNEY'S CAR

CLOSE-UP - LIST

Homer crosses off "Tell Off The Boss."

HOMER

Wow! Of all the luck! To think I
almost died without telling the boss to
eat my shorts.

BARNEY

Homer, how long you got?

HOMER

(CHECKS WATCH) Two hours.

BARNEY

Please, take a minute to share those
golden buds with your pals one last
time.

INT. MOE'S TAVERN

Barney and Homer enter.

HOMER

I gotta call Marge.

Barney makes a CRACKING WHIP noise. Homer crosses to the
pay phone. The bar phone RINGS. MOE answers it as Homer
starts to DIAL.

MOE

(INTO PHONE) Hello, Moe's Tavern --
birthplace of the Rob Roy.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Bart is on the phone as Lisa stands by listening.

BART

Is Seymour there? Last name, Butts.

INT. MOE'S TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

MOE

(INTO PHONE) Just a sec. (CALLING OUT
TO ROOM) Is there a Butts here?
Seymour Butts? Hey, everybody. I
wanna Seymour Butts!

Moe catches on.

MOE (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Listen, you little
dirtbag. When I get my hands on you,
I'm gonna rip off your arms and shove
'em down your throat til you choke.

BACK TO BART AND LISA

They roll on the floor with LAUGHTER.

INT. MOE'S TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Moe SLAMS down the phone. Homer grabs a stool.

HOMER

(SADLY) It was busy.

Moe hands him a beer.

DISSOLVE TO:

A LITTLE LATER

Homer is on the same bar stool, growing maudlin. He lifts an egg to his lips.

HOMER

My last pickled egg.

He GULPS it down, then polishes off his beer.

HOMER (CONT'D)

My last sip of beer.

He grabs some peanuts.

HOMER (CONT'D)

My last handful of peanuts. (HE EATS THEM) Mmmm, salty. (CALLS OUT) Moe, another beer, please. Oh, and a pickled egg. (SNIFFLES) Guys, I'm gonna miss you.

BARNEY

I'm gonna miss you too, Homer.

HOMER

I never told you this before, but sometimes when I'm at work, I think of you and smile.

MOE

Thanks. (THEN) I guess.

HOMER

Anyone who thinks a man can't love
another man, has never sat here with my
friends and had a beer drawn by the
mighty arm of Moe; has never heard
Smitty lift his sweet, smokey voice for
a chorus of "Danny Boy"; has never felt
the warmth of...

HOMER'S POV

The Duff Beer clock reads 8:30, "Time For Another Duff."

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SCREAMS) Moe, is that time correct?

MOE

Yeah.

HOMER

Uh-oh. Anyway, love you all. Bye.

Come on, Barney.

INT. BARNEY'S CAR

Homer is in the passenger seat, anxiously leaning forward.

HOMER

(ANXIOUS) Faster, Barney, faster.

FULL BACK

Barney's car is pulled over with a flat. He is working on unscrewing the lugs with a tire iron.

BARNEY

I'm twirling as fast as I can.

Homer looks at his list. There's only one thing left: "Be as close as two people can be." He gets out of the car.

HOMER

Oh, I can't wait any longer. (CALLS
OUT) Hold tight, Marge. I'm coming to
you, baby.

Homer takes off running.

MONTAGE OF HOMER RUNNING HOME

A. **HUFFING** and **PUFFING**, Homer makes it down the off-ramp of the main road and turns right. He stumbles a little.

B. Now in a suburban neighborhood, Homer is starting to find his stride. He wipes sweat off his brow and smoothly turns a corner.

C. Homer is now running like a well-toned athlete. His head is thrown back and we see the effort and determination on his face. Nothing is going to stop him.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Bart and Lisa are in their pajamas, playing checkers on the floor. Marge enters holding Maggie.

MARGE

(AGITATED) Oh, where can he be?

PLATE GLASS WINDOW A LA "THE GRADUATE"

Homer appears. He bangs on the window. He is drenched in sweat. There are enormous sweat stains under his arms. His face is contorted in pain.

HOMER

Marge! Marge!

They all turn. Marge puts Maggie down, runs to the door and throws it open. Homer races in.

HOMER

(RUSHED) There's no time to explain.

He grabs her and starts for the stairs.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(AS HE PASSES THE KIDS) Love you. Love
you. Love you.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

Marge is in bed. We can hear Homer **GARGLING** in the bathroom. He **SPITS**, then comes into the bedroom wearing his boxer shorts. He hops into bed.

MARGE

I wrote a poem for you this afternoon,
Homer. It's called, "To A Husband."

HOMER

Okay, okay.

MARGE

Ahem. (READING) "The blackened clouds
are forming ..."

HOMER

Aw, gimme a break, Marge.

MARGE

(READING) "... Soon the rain will fall
/ Sunset time is nearing / It casts a
shadowy pall / My dear one is
departing/ But first please heed this
call / That always will I love you / My
one, my love, my all."

HOMER

(TOUCHED) Marge, that was beautiful.

CLOSE-UP - HOMER TAKES HER HAND

DISSOLVE TO:

Marge is asleep in Homer's arms. He **KISSES** her once more, then gently slips out of bed with a **SIGH**. He puts on his robe and checks the clock. It's 8:53.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MAGGIE'S ROOM

Homer stands over her crib. He **KISSES** her on the forehead and pulls up her heart-patterned sheets.

HOMER

Goodbye, Maggie -- stay as sweet as you
are.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S ROOM

Homer stands over her bed. He **KISSES** her on the forehead and pulls up her saxophone-patterned sheets.

HOMER

Goodbye, Lisa -- I know you'll make me
proud.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S ROOM

Homer stands over his bed. He **KISSES** his forehead and pulls up his Krusty-patterned sheets.

HOMER

Goodbye, Bart -- I like your sheets.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Homer is looking at a photo of the family on the wall when he notices a book shining in the bookcase, beckoning him. He moves to it and takes the gleaming book off the shelf.

CLOSE-UP - BOOK COVER

HOMER (V.O.)

(READING) "The Good Book..."

He opens it to reveal six shiny cassettes.

HOMER (V.O., CONT'D)

(READING) "... on tape..."

He removes the first cassette and looks at its listing.

HOMER

(READING) "... as read by Larry King."

Homer grabs Bart's nearby Walkman, pops the tape in and settles back in a chair. He starts the tape and closes his eyes.

LARRY KING (V.O.)

Hi, I'm Larry King. In the beginning
there was the word. And the word was
God. And God said, "Let there be
light..."

A beatific look comes over Homer's face. He is at peace.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Marge has just awakened. She sees the empty bed.

MARGE

Homer? Homer?

She gets up quickly and we track with her through the house. She opens the bathroom door on the second floor. It's empty. She walks downstairs and hears a **CLICKING** noise. She turns and sees Homer slumped lifeless in the chair. The Walkman is **CLICKING**. Marge flies to the chair and drops to her knees. She turns off the Walkman. The **CLICKING** stops.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(SO SAD) Oh, Homer, my Homer.

She reaches and touches his chin lovingly. Immediately she gets a puzzled look her face.

MARGE (CONT'D)

His drool is warm. (IT SINKS IN) He's
alive! He's alive!

Homer stirs.

HOMER

Huh? What? (OFF-HANDED) Oh hi,

Marge. (REALIZING) Marge!

Homer leaps to his feet, pulling Marge up with him. They twirl around in a hug, LAUGHING. They break.

HOMER (CONT'D)

I'm alive! I'm alive! I didn't get
blowfish poisoning! I licked the big
B!

Homer shakes a raised fist. A beat.

MARGE

(FURIOUS) I can't stand those doctors!
They always tell you the worst! What
they put us through!

HOMER

Easy, Marge. You can't sue 'em for
living. Besides, I'm grateful. I
learned to live life to the fullest.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - THAT AFTERNOON

Homer is on the couch, drinking a Duff and watching arm wrestling on TV. He looks very content. Bart sticks his head in.

BART

Dad, Mr. Flanders is firing up the
barbecue and wants to know when you'll
be over with the cows.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

EXT. FLANDERS HOUSE - BACKYARD

The barbecue is in full swing. Several FAMILIES are there. Homer watches FLANDERS turning steaks.

FLANDERS

Thanks, Simpson. These T-boners look scrump-didlyumptious.

HOMER

They're nothin' without your home-made marinade, Ned-Monster. Ah, it's great to be alive.

Marge approaches carrying Maggie and several pink message slips.

MARGE

Homer, the phone's been ringing off the hook. (HANDS HIM SLIPS) The police moved your court date... your boss wants to see you first thing Monday morning... the towing company has your car... Moe says he misses you... Your father says he wants to fly kites with you.

Homer tosses the message slips away.

HOMER

It's still great to be alive. (TO NED)
Ned, what does the Mrs. put in this potato salad?

NED

Well, she'd kill me for telling, but
just between us... (WHISPERS IN HOMER'S
EAR)

HOMER

Ooooh.

FADE OUT.

THE END